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A HAPPY BUNCH OF D85 BOYS

EDITED BY

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Dear Friends

Please pray for Dr Hanif Chatni's and Arifa Aijaz's families. Their mothers passed away recently. May Allah give strength to the families to bear this great loss! May their mothers rest in peace, Ameen!

وَلَيَتَّلَطَّفَ

سورہ کہف کی انیسویں آیت کا ایک لفظ ہے "ولیتَلَطَّفَ". یہ تھوڑا بڑا کر کے لکھا ہوا یوتا ہے کیونکہ یہاں قرآن پاک کا mid یعنی درمیان آجاتا ہے۔ یہ لفظ پورے قرآن کا خلاصہ ہے اور اس کا ترجمہ ہے: "اور نرمی سے بات کرنا۔" جب اللہ نے موسیٰ علیہ السلام کو فرعون کے پاس بھیجا تو بھی یہی کہا کہ تم اس سے نرمی سے بات کرنا شاید وہ مان جائے۔ کون مان جائے؟ وہ انسان جس سے زیادہ متکبر اور گھمنڈ والا شخص دنیا میں اور کوئی آیا نہیں۔ زندگی کتنی بدل جائے اگر ہم اس بات کو مان جائیں کہ نرمی سے بات کرنے کا مطلب یہ وقوفی اور کمزوری نہیں بلکہ عاجزی اور اعلیٰ ظرفی ہے۔

ظالٰٰ نَعَمَ عَذَّبَنَّ اللَّهَ

GUEST EDITORIAL: NADEEM ZAFAR

BUYING TIME- SMART POLITICS??

Nawaz Sharif went to Turkey and impressed upon the Turks that his army has told him that we are in no position to get involved in the Yemeni conflict.

Had NS gone directly to Iran and if he had come back and told Saudis nothing doing, then the Saudis would have been really pissed.

Putting the burden on a divided parliament also gives an excuse to NS that he has not been allowed to do more for the Saudis.

I am certain, knowing him, and knowing his dependence on the Saudis for now and in future, he must have told them "toadday waastay jaan vi haazir hai".

In case of Saudis, both the Shareefs- Nawaz and Raheel are no different- neither will find it very easy to say no to Saudis.

In this conflict, the real leader of Islamic world will come out to be Turkey, which is trusted by Iran- and Saudi Arabia will have no option but to listen to Turkey- logically too because the Turks are not dependent upon the Saudis.

Pakistan will have to decide how it weans itself off the Saudis and other masters but knowing my most powerful (askari) khuddar brothers and sisters that will not happen. Pakistan will continue to wear the nuth that is put in by the Saudis, the Qataris, Dubai and many other rich people, because our leaders are nothing short of members of the world's oldest profession.

Our main problem is not Yemen, Israel or USA- our main problem is totally inept political leadership, including Khan Sahib to whom politics is a sport, not a sacrosanct art form. He was brought in to be given a dose of his own medicine and it seems that he could not face the music the second day running- welcome to real politics Khan saab!

The good news- the darpoke these Saudis are, no matter how much arms they buy, they have no option to depend on a country like Pakistan. Unlike Iran, they have the Harmain- depending on India is not their option.

Also good news- its time the RCD is reactivated, as I suggested a few days earlier. You do that, and Baluchistan will be stabilized and the terrorism in Pakistan will also be controlled very significantly. The stature of Pakistan will also be elevated significantly. The only opposition will come from the Saudis and the gulf countries, and the snakes they are feeding in Pakistan through camel milk.

"The best mirror is an old friend." (George Herbert)

Mahwash Nomani, my beloved friend, my soul mate (as Mahwash always calls me), and my other half (as our Dow friends refer to us), was a gift from my brother Dr. Khateeb, well known to most of my Dow colleagues.

I came to Pakistan in 1977 to study medicine (doctor bannay!) My family was settled in Kuwait, and being raised and brought up in Kuwait, I hardly knew anyone in Pakistan. It was then that my brother introduced me to Mahwash and her family. He had known Mahwash's family as he and her brother had studied in the same school and were very good friends. My brother was like a family member in their household. Little did I know at that first meeting that soon Mahwash would become my dearest and most cherished friend.

Mahwash welcomed me with a smiling face and extreme warmth. And I felt as if I had known Mahwash for years. Very intelligent, extremely witty and smart, with a caring attitude and remarkable sense of humor, Mahwash impressed me from day one. I was away from home, family and friends for the first time and I desperately needed someone I could trust and count on. Mahwash proved to be much more. She took me as her responsibility. She introduced me to the norms and culture of Pakistan and guided me throughout our college days. She actually took care of me and at times was even protective about me. Our bond grew stronger as the days passed. We knew each other's happiness, sorrows and tears, and we started sharing everything throughout the happy-sad-sweet years of our college life.

Outwardly very strong, bold and carefree, Mahwash was a very deep, sensitive and softhearted person. She rarely showed her emotions but was often hurt by people's attitudes for she was so pure, honest and innocent, she failed to understand or comprehend the manipulative and opportunistic behavior of some people. Mahwash always saw only good in people ignoring all the bad. Fortunately we both shared this characteristic and so we lived in a fantasy world where only good people and good things existed in life and that is why we were always so happy!

With her charming personality and kind and caring attitude Mahwash made friends very easily and she was immensely loved by those who knew her. She never expected anything from anyone and never complained, be it family or friends. She knew only to give and not to expect anything in return. She would go out of her way to do anything for others. She wanted to give happiness to all around her and she did....And may Allah bless her, for there are rare of her kind!

Mahwash was naughty, fun loving and fun to be with. She loved playing "harmless" pranks, sometimes getting into uncalled for trouble. Our group "boys" who were apparently more sober than us often checked us on our mischief making, sometimes to effect, sometimes completely ignored.

We had so much in common that we became almost tied to each other. In college we were together, our social activities were together, and we spent a lot of time at each other's homes. We always studied together and before the exams, Mahwash would come and stay at my home for months. We had different studying habits, Mahwash studied till late night and I preferred studying early in the morning. We maintained our individual studying styles and would then find a suitable time during the day to discuss what we had individually studied. It was a big support to have each other in those horrifying times, especially when preparing for the final year M.B:B.S exams.

Gradually I explored her other qualities. An ardent cricket fan.....For me cricket was a game only males were interested in. I was amazed at Mahwash's knowledge and love for cricket. She never missed a match. As for me I was, and still am ignorant about the game. To this day my knowledge and interest are restricted to the final scores and who won and no more!

Well read, knowledgeable, Mahwash loved "shairi", and at times she also wrote some poetry. I remember she liked Faraz and quoted Allama Iqbal very often. There was a time when one of my cousins was staying with us and she enjoyed sharing Ghalib and Parveen Shakir with him.

After those beautiful years spent together in Dow Medical College, in 1986 the time to part came. Medical school, internship, all done, I had to return to Kuwait to join my parents. That same year Mahwash got married and moved to UK. I was not there for her wedding, but my mom who was visiting Pakistan attended and told me what a pretty bride Mahwash made. In 1987 Mahwash was blessed with a baby boy. An extremely dedicated mother, she gave up her career and devoted her entire time to her only son Kamran. After a long gap of several years, in 2001 when Kamran was 14 and more independent Mahwash started her PhD in Clinical Psychology(Mental Health)which she completed in 2004 and she is the first of the D 85 class to attain a PhD. Hats off to you Mahwash!

Despite the physical distances, we have always been in regular touch and still share our happiness and woes whenever time and circumstances permit.

It would not be fair if I end off without mentioning Mahwash's family. Mahwash has been blessed with the most loving, adorable and beautiful family and as her friend I had the opportunity to be part of this lovely family. It was like a second home for me. I can never forget the hospitality and generosity of her parents. Papa is no longer with us, but the

smile and warmth he generated can never be forgotten. Aunty was always there for us and fed us with the most deliciously cooked food. I can never forget the grand parties Aunty arranged and her house was always open for us.

In 1983 Mahwash gifted me a book on my birthday, "The beauty of Friendship", a collection of poetry by June Masters Bacher. I have that book in front of me today and I would like to end with a short poem from it.....

Open House

A friend so true,

My dear, as you

So seldom comes one's way

For friendly ways,

Like holidays,

Don't happen every day.

The latchstring's out,

Things tossed about;

And yet my heart extends

A joyful note

It gaily wrote:

“Come in! I’m glad we’re friends”

And since that day I am in.

A SON'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

BY KAMRAN GABA

MAHWASH GABA: MOTHER AND PERSON

Mahwash Gaba (Ammi) is my mother, my best friend and my inspiration.

As the audience is probably aware, she trained to be a Doctor in Pakistan and dreamed of becoming a Surgeon. However, Allah SWT's plan was different. After she married, she relocated to the UK and she subsequently gave birth to me. Knowing full well that this would be the end of her career and her dream, she selflessly gave everything up to look after me and attend to my every need. She also excelled at being both a mother and wife. This sums up Ammi's selfless and devoted nature, not to mention the fact that she excels at everything she does. Despite not practising mainstream medicine for almost 30 years, she remains the best Doctor I have ever known!

After I had reached an age where I was able to attend school full-time, she began to re-train to become a Clinical Psychologist. This involved firstly completing a BSc degree prior to embarking on a PhD research degree. She completed her BSc with the Open University. For those of you who do not know this institution, it is a distance-learning university in the UK that requires students to complete an immense amount of self-directed reading and assignments. Ammi did this whilst looking after both me and Abbu and also managing the house. I never missed any activities (football, cricket, swimming, karate, etc) and Ammi was always there for me to drop me and pick me up from school. At times, she would drop me for an activity and sit in the car to complete her reading or assignment. This example demonstrates Ammi's remarkable qualities of dedication, motivation and a thirst for excellence. However, this was NEVER at the expense of her family. Instead, she worked around us, showing an unbelievable amount of devotion and attentiveness to us all.

She then achieved something that remains unparalleled in our family to date: she became a double doctor when she achieved her PhD! Just as above, she continued to work around her family's needs whilst completing this daunting degree, despite many unpleasant experiences along the way with her supervisor. The pleasure and pride that she gave to her late father (my Nana, who I called 'Papa'), her mother (my Nanno) and, indeed, the whole family remains unique to this day. As an aside, she turned down the opportunity to study for her PhD at the University of Oxford as this would have required us to relocate and she did not want to disturb my schooling (I was doing my GCSE's at the time – equivalent of O Levels). Again, this shows Ammi's selflessness and

willingness to put others in front of her own needs. She gained her PhD from the University of Southampton as this was closer to our house and my school. However, despite the so-called proximity, she still used to drive over 100 miles per day to drop me and pick me from school whilst also fulfilling her educational needs and responsibilities. I challenge the audience to find anyone who would do that!

So far, I have focussed mainly on Ammi's career. However, let me share with you a few personal experiences. The last few years have been a time of great sorrow for my family and especially Ammi. Her father was very severely affected by Dementia (to the point that he could not recognise anyone by the end) and also a neurodegenerative condition of uncertain aetiology which required him to have a PEG tube (feeding tube) inserted. By the end, he was bed-bound and dependant on carers for every need. He could not communicate and eventually returned to Allah SWT in August 2013. Watching someone who had been so eloquent, articulate, intelligent and independent sadly transform into the aforementioned description was heart-breaking for the whole family. Imagine what it was like for his own daughter. However, Ammi bore this test with patience, devotion and utmost faith in Allah SWT. She used to return regularly to Pakistan to care for Papa and Nanno and, every time he was admitted to hospital with various conditions (mainly aspiration pneumonias), she was at his bedside throughout. Notwithstanding the above, she also made sure her Ammi (my Nanno) was not neglected in any way whilst the focus was on Papa. Moreover, she carried out her duties as a daughter, above and beyond the requirement, with graciousness and pride. She never took out her frustration on either her parents, sisters, brother or, indeed, any other member of the family or her friends. This demonstrates Ammi's strength of character.

Tragically, in August 2013, Papa passed away. Due to the distance, Ammi was unable to make it in time for the funeral. However, as soon as she found out, she got on the next available flight and went to Pakistan to be there for Nanno. At the same time, preparations were being made for my wedding in December. For any normal person, the loss of a father would be so great that it would be reasonable to delay any wedding plans. Indeed, my in-laws even suggested delaying the wedding. Of course, Ammi, being the person she is, laughed off such a suggestion and continued to prepare for the wedding as planned. As with everything else she has done in her life, this event was highly successful. Nevertheless, it must have been the hardest thing to do. Imagine the grief she would have been suffering. To throw herself so wholeheartedly into preparing for the wedding with everything that had happened is something I have watched with total wonder and admiration. I must confess that I would not be able to show such strength in such trying circumstances.

After the wedding, I have seen another side to Ammi. She has welcomed Mehr (my wife) into the family with complete love and affection that only a mother shows to her

own daughter. People have even remarked that Ammi treats Mehr less like a daughter-in-law and more like a daughter! She even favours Mehr over me at times! Jokes aside, the love and affection I have seen from Ammi towards Mehr and the effort she has made to welcome Mehr into our family and attend to her every need and wish demonstrates the large heart that beats in Ammi's chest. We can all learn a great deal from her. Indeed, she is so approachable and easy-going that, any time any member of her family have any issues, they share it with her so they can get her wise counsel. There have been times when certain cousins of mine have shared intimate secrets with Ammi which they haven't even told their own parents! That is the level of trust people have in Ammi and also how much they value her non-prejudiced and fair opinions.

Finally, I would like to share with you all the quality that I believe is Ammi's greatest asset but also her biggest weakness: her ability to forgive. Over the years, many people have said and done things which have hurt Ammi. I am sorry to say that she has been openly insulted and demeaned at times. However, not once has she retaliated. She has continued to behave graciously with those people and has even forgiven them for the horrific things they have said and done. Not only does that require a big heart, it also requires humility (another characteristic that Ammi has in abundance). Indeed, Allah SWT says in the Quran:

“And the servants of the Most Merciful are those who walk upon the earth easily, and when the ignorant address them [harshly], they say [words of] peace” (25:63)

This quotation summarizes Ammi's attitude to people who treat her badly and this is perhaps the biggest accolade that I can give to her.

I feel blessed by Allah SWT that he gave me Mahwash Gaba as my Ammi. Throughout her life, she has dedicated herself to her family. She has always been a fantastic daughter, a devoted wife and a loving mother. She is not just my mother but also my oldest and best friend, my counsel and my comfort. I know that I can always rely on Ammi and she will always be there for me. I have witnessed first-hand how selfless, generous, kind, affectionate, devoted and strong she is as a person. She has also always excelled in everything she has done and also manages to maintain perspective by actively practising as a Muslim. She is a supermum and, like I said earlier, an inspiration. May Allah SWT always protect her and reward her immensely both in this world and the Akhirah inshaAllah. Ameen.

انشائیہ (مختصر کہانی)

باپ اور بیٹی

تحریر : وقار صدیقی

اس کی آنکھ اک دم آنسووں سے بھر آئی جب اس نے اپنے بیمار باپ کو اس حالت میں دیکھا۔ وہ اک مجسم کی طرح بے ساکت ہسپتال کے بیڈ پر پڑا تھا اور خالی نظروں سے چھت کو مسلسل گھوڑ رہا تھا۔ وہ نسیان (dementia) کی بیماری میں مبتلا تھا اور اپنے اطراف کی دنیا سے بے خبر تھا اور اپنی بیٹی کو بھی نہ پہنچانتا تھا جو ہر روز لنچ اور ڈنر کے وقت آتی اور اپنے ہاتھوں سے اسے کھلانے کی کوشش کرتی آؤر وہ بڑی مشکل سے دو تین لقمے حلق سے اتار پاتا

میں نے وارڈ میں داخل ہو کر نرس سے اس بوڑھے شخص کے بارے میں پوچھا جس کا مجھے نفسیاتی معائنه کرنا تھا۔ نرس نے نرنسنگ اسٹیشن کے بلکل سامنے کے کمرے کی طرف اشارا کیا جہاں اک نہایت کمزورونحیف شخص بیڈ پر لیٹا تھا آؤر اک نوجوان لڑکی اس کا سیدھا ہاتھ پکڑے ہوئے اس پر جھکی ہوئی تھی

میں نے اس بوڑھے شخص کے چارٹ کو پڑھتے ہوئے کمرے کی طرف اک سرسری نظر ڈالی تو دیکھا کہ وہ لڑکی اس بوڑھے کو والہانہ پیار بھرئے انداز میں مانہے پر بوسہ دے رہی تھی اور وہ مسکرا رہا تھا۔

میں کمرے میں داخل ہوا تو وہ باپ کے بیڈ سے اٹھ کھڑی ہوئی۔ میں نے بوڑھے سے سوالات شروع کئے تو پتہ چلا کہ وہ اس لڑکی کو نئیں جانتا اور نہ ہی اپنا نام پتہ جانتا ہے۔ میں نے نوجوان لڑکی سے جب اس کا ذکر کیا تو وہ قطعی حیران نہ ہوئی اور رومال سے اپنے آنسو پوچھتے ہوئے بولی " یہ مجھے نئیں جانتا تو کیا ہوا لیکن میں تو اس کو جانتی ہوں، یہ بوڑھا شخص میرا باپ ہے جس نے اس وقت سے میری پرورش کی ہے جب میں چھ مہینے کی تھی اور میری ماں تپ دق کے موزی مرض میں وفات پا گئی تھی۔ اس شخص نے مجھے ماں اور پاپ دونوں بن کر پالا ہے اور میں جو کچھ آج ہوں اس کی وجہ سے ہوں، یہ میرے ساتھ رہتا ہے اور میں اسے ہمیشہ اپنے ساتھ رکھوں گی، چاہے یہ مجھے کبھی بھی نہ پہنچانے۔

میں چارٹ میں نوٹس لکھ کر جب اس بوڑھے کے کمرے کے سامنے سے گذرا تو میں نے دیکھا کہ وہ بوڑھا شخص اس لڑکی کو نہ جانے کے باوجود اک معصوم بچہ کی طرح اس کی گود میں سر رکھ کے سورہاتھا اور میں نے آج تک اس طرح مطمئن اور بے فکر ہو کر کسی کو سوتے ہوئے نئیں دیکھا۔ میں ہسپتال سے نکلا تو تھا اک ڈنر پارٹی میں جانے کے لئے مگر میری گاڑی اب بڑی تیزی سے اک دور دراز قصبے کی طرف دوڑ رہی تھی جہاں میرا باپ برسوں سے اک اولڈ ہوم میں رہائش پزیر تھا اور میں نے مئینوں سے اسے نہیں دیکھا تھا!!!!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE



ایک چور گھر میں داخل ہوں ایک بوزہ میں عورت سوری تھی۔ چور نے گھر اکر اس کی طرف دیکھا تو وہ لیٹئے لیٹئے بولی، یقیناً حالات سے مجھوں ہو کر اس راتے پر لگ کے ہو۔ الہاری کے تیرے خانے میں ایک جھوٹی ہے اس میں سالہ مال ہے تم خاموشی سے دہلے جاتا۔ مگر پہلے میں نے ابھی ابھی ایک خواب دیکھا ہے وہ سن کر ذرا نگھے اس کی تجیر قوتا دو۔

چور اس بوزہ میں عورت کی رحمتی سے براہمتر ہو اور خاموشی سے اس کے پاس جا کر بیٹھ گیا۔ بڑھیا نے اپنا خواب سنانا شروع کیا۔ بینا میں نے دیکھا کہ ایک جیل میرے پاس آئی اور اس نے 3 دفعہ زور زور سے بولا ماجد ساجد۔ ماجد!!! بس پھر خواب خستہ ہو گیا اور میری آنکھ کھل گئی۔ ذرا باتا تو اس کی کیا تعجب ہوئی

چور سوچ میں پڑ گیا۔ اتنے میں برابر والے کرے سے بڑھیا کا نوجوان بیٹا ماجد اپناتاں مزون زور سے من کر انھوں گیا اور اندر آکر پھر کی خوب خٹکائی لگائی۔ بڑھیا بولی۔ ”بس کرواب یہ اپنے کیے کی سزا بھگت چکا۔“ چور بولا۔ ”میں نہیں مجھے اور ماروتا کر مجھے آنکھہ بیدار ہے کہ میں چور ہوں خوابوں کی تعبیر بتانے والا نہیں۔“

رہنمائی

اوپری پنکی پیارا ہوں اور سرہنگ میدانوں سے گزرتی پنکی سی چکنڈی نہ اسکے۔ جب کسی شناسامنامہ کے چکنڈی نظرن آئی تو بیل کو بھلک جانے کا لیٹیں ہو گیا۔ آبادی نظر آتے ہی اس نے گزری قبلي ریستوران کے پاس کھری کی اور ساتھ گل دوکان میں اندر چاہی۔ ابھی آنکھوں میں سرخ ڈورے، بھروری دراز و از جی، اچھے ہاں، بھدے خداں اور ڈھنپے اور کوٹ سے جھلکتی فربہ تند۔ ڈورے حاپیلے دوکان اور پھر ریستوران کے دروازے پر نظر آیا تو بیل نے راستے کی رہنمائی چاہی۔ یوڑھا یوڑا! میں صرف یہ جانتا ہوں کہ میں کچھ نہیں جانتا۔ میرا زمانہ شکاں شاگرد اپنی کتاب پر ٹھنگوکے لیے آئے ہی ویا ایت۔ ممکن نہ مدد کر سکے۔ بیل کے ساتھ چائے پینے کی تجویز پر وہ دونوں ریستوران میں ڈین گئے۔ یوڑھا مکانے کا رسایا گھا۔ کہنے لگا:

انسان عجیب ہے، جو ڈھونڈے نہ طے بے بھن، بادلے طے جو ڈھونڈا نہیں تو بھی بے بھن، بھرلے جائے تو بھی بے بھن کر اسے ڈھنیں۔ مسئلہ ہمارا شعور ہے جو دکھتے ہو تو سوتے اور زندگی کی ذمہ داری سے فرار چاہتا ہے۔ تھہلی اصل حقیقت کے کردارے پر کوئی نہیں چاہتا۔ بیل نے بات بدلتی: تم دوکان میں کیا ڈھونڈ رہتے ہیں؟ یوڑھا: مجھے ہاتھ نہیں جھرت تھی۔ اتنا کچھ تھا وہاں جس کی مجھے ضرورت نہ تھی۔ تم پر سوال ہو۔ اچھی بات ہے یہ۔ تھس داشندی کا آغاز ہے۔ سوال کے پیور میں آگے دھکلئے ہیں۔ تھیڈی نظر سے خالی زندگی بے مصرف ہے۔ بھرتم خوش اخلاقی بھی ہو۔ دوسروں کی مشکل جگہ میں ان کی بوجہری کا احترام کرتے ہو۔ غلط سوت میں سلسلہ سفر کے بجائے اپنی عدم ملکی کا اعتراف اچھا فیصلہ بنتے تھے۔ یاد شاگردوں سے ہیگی کہا ہوں۔ تعلیم و بیاناتی مرتن کو بھرنا نہیں۔ ویسے سے دیا جاہا ہے۔ تیل بھی تھیارا، روٹھی بھی تھیاری۔ یاد رکنا کر تیل اور روٹھی سب میں ہے۔ متوجہ ہونا نظر پھر کرد یکھا شرط ہے۔ بیل؛ اور خوشی؟ یوڑھا، مسکرا کر ازیادہ میں خوشی کی بجائے کم میں زیادہ خوشی کی صدارت اہم ہے۔ کے معلوم کر ہو تو زندگی کی سب سے بھر پوڑ سرت، سب سے ہر بان رہت ہاہت ہو۔ بیل؛ آپ کے شاگردنیں پہنچے اپ سک؟ یوڑھا، ری پلک کا سودہ لیے بس آتا ہی بوجگاری پلک؟ بیل نے کھلے منہ اور رجہت زدہ آنکھوں سے یوڑھے کو بخوردی کیا۔ یوڑھنے سے نیازی سے سامنہ رکھ کے چائے کے کپ کو یوں اٹھایا۔ یہ کہا کیا پیالہ انہار ہا ہو۔

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SHEHLA HUSSAIN REMEMBERS

HER FATHER AND GRAND FATHER

Great teachers of the past

GREAT TEACHERS

PAST PROFESSORS AT DOW

By Shebla Hussain



Prof. Dr. Hussain Ahmed, M.B.B.S., D.A. (London), D.A. (Copenhagen), F.F.A.R.C.S. (London), F.C.P.S. (Pakistan).



Dr. Hussain Ahmed was among the hardworking and dedicated pioneers who established departments of Dow Medical College (DMC) and Civil Hospital Karachi (CHK), after partition.

Born on 15th Sept. '23 in Madras, India, Dr. Hussain Ahmed completed his M.B.B.S. at Madras Medical College, migrated to Pakistan in 1948 and started working

as Medical Officer in CHK in 1949. In 1950, he married Rehana Basir, the eldest daughter of Prof. Dr. Mir Abdul Basir, PhD (London) who was then the Prof. of Physiology at DMC and later became the first Principal of Liaquat Medical College.

In 1953, Dr. Hussain Ahmed went to Copenhagen on WHO scholarship and did his D.A. from Copenhagen as well as from London the same year. Subsequently, he returned to CHK and established the Department of Anesthesiology. As its first Chief Anesthetist, he organized the operation theaters and lectures and established new operation theaters as the need for them arose. He was the first Pakistani to be awarded F.F.A.R.C.S. in 1961. Dr. Hussain Ahmed later became Prof. of Anesthesiology and served both DMC and CHK as Chief of Anesthesiology from 1953 until his demise on 11th Aug '76 at the age of 52. The department of Anesthesiology grew under his leadership and many renowned Anesthesiologists whom he trained provided sound care over the course of their careers.

Prof. Hussain Ahmed is survived by his wife, children, (Shadab Hussain, Mustafa Hussain, Ashfaq Hussain, and Shebla Hussain) and nine grandchildren.

Prof. Dr. Mir Abdul Basir, M.B.B.S., PhD (London) was the Prof. of Physiology at the Dow Medical College, Karachi, from 1948 to 1951. He then moved to Liaquat Medical College

as its founder Principal – cum – Prof. of Physiology where he served until his retirement in 1953.

Before migrating to Pakistan in 1948, Dr. Basir was the Prof. of Physiology at Madras Medical College in India. He had done his M.B.B.S. from the same Medical College in 1925 prior to joining the Indian Medical Service. He was also posted to Miranshah and other border posts in the NWFP.

In 1928, he received a scholarship to pursue a PhD in Physiology at the King's College in London. After completing his PhD, he returned to India. Prof. Basir was a dedicated scholar and devoted his time to research and teaching. His publications include:

"The Vascular Supply of the Pituitary body in the Dog" by M.A. Basir, published in the Journal of Anatomy, London.

The paper is a study of blood vessels and lymph vessels of the pituitary body and the small branch that supplies the pars glandularis separately. The findings of Prof. Basir have been quoted by others in their research works:

"The Nervous and Vascular Relations of the Pineal Gland" by W.E. Le Gros Clark, in the Journal of Anatomy, London.

"A Critical Review: Some Aspects of the Structure of the Hypothalamus" by G.M. Griffiths, in the Journal of Neurology and Psychiatry.

"Preliminary Note on the Mist Cells of the Human Pituitary and the Mammalian Pituitary in General" by J.H. Gray of the University of Adelaide, Australia, in the Journal of Anatomy, London.

"Posterior Pituitary Activity from an Anatomical Stand Point" by Harvey Cushing in American Journal of Pathology.



Shehla's mother with Sana



کوئی اپنی عادت نہیں بدلتا
جفا کار وفا کبھی نہیں کرتا

میں دہوکہ کہانا نہیں بھولتا
امید کا دامن نہیں چھوڑتا

بہلاں کی دنیا سے نہیں نکلتا
دل ابھی تک ہر بات پہ مچلتا

روش اپنی کوئی نہیں بدلتا
وہ سلگاتا اور میں رہا سلگتا

محبے رہ رہ کے ہے ترپاتا
رات دن رقیب کے پاس گرازتا

خواہشوں کو مصلوب ابھی رکھنا
تمناؤں کا خون اب تک ہے رستا

عالشہ ادریس۔

سید رضی محمد

شعروں میں سمعتا ہوں میں اشکوں کی نی بھی
پھر کیسے نہ دھل جائے ہر اک رجسِ خفی بھی
کس دل کو یہاں ملتی ہے تسلیم کمل
اک آنچ کی رہ جاتی ہے ہر بار کی بھی
ٹھونے نہیں افکار، سموئے ہیں دلوں میں
اک جراتِ تحقیق بھی، اک حرفِ نقی بھی
اب بھی مری پیشانی پہ ٹھنڈک ہے لبوں کی
پاتا ہوں میں رخسار پہ رخسار ابھی بھی
واہیں مری خاطر وہ دعاوں کے در پیچ
آئی نہیں احساسِ رفاقت میں کی بھی
تم کس کی جدائی پہ یہاں نوحہ بلب ہو
مجھ سے تو نہیں پچھڑا کوئی شخص کسی بھی بھی
اک لب ہی نہیں ذریعہ اظہارِ محبت
سو بار تری آنکھ جھکی بھی ہے، اٹھی بھی
شامل ہو محبت تو بدل جاتے ہیں مفہوم
ہر لفظ میں اثبات بھی شامل ہے، نقی بھی
از خود ہی اگر جرم ہے یہ کارِ محبت
اس جرم میں پھر آپ بھی شامل ہیں، رضی بھی

OUR HISTORY' AND SAHABA-E-KARAAM

Dr. Saad H Bashir

Saad is a 1982 graduate of Dow Medical College. After house job he trained in the UK to become a consultant neurosurgeon there. He then returned to Pakistan and has been in academic and private practice here ever since.

He was fortunate enough to be introduced to the Quran-e-Karim properly at the age of 13. Since then he have tried to keep it the centre of his study. He hopes that the following article will persuade other educated people to start studying the Quran themselves.

One of the biggest reasons at the root of the schisms and sectarianism in the Ummat e Muslimah is the elevation of historical narrative to the status of infallible and unquestionable dogma, specially over and above the Quran. What is really history (and most of it written at least 250 years after the actual era it purports to describe) is regarded as fundamental truth, and beliefs and actions are based on it.

The stimulus for writing this is a discussion about the 2012 documentary by Channel 4 in the UK, "Islam: the Untold Story." It talks about the battle of Siffin, said to have taken place between Hazrat Ali and Hazrat Moawiya. This is but one of the events our history narrates. In fact our history paints the characters of the Sahaba in a way that is worse than that of our politicians today. The tragedy is that our own so called "scholars" are the ones not only complicit in this but are the ones most active in propagating it and labeling anyone questioning it to be a "kaafir."

It is not possible, within the confines of the space here to go into a detailed description and analysis. I will confine myself to pointers, which I hope will establish the principles with which to regard history and the characters of Sahaba-e-Karam.

What is history?

The body of knowledge about the past produced by historians, together with everything that is involved in the production, communication of, and teaching about that knowledge is defined as history.

The most important thing to remember is that all history is a human effort and therefore subject to error. The whole enterprise has to be speculative to some extent and a surmise (as the knowledge of events of the past remains, of necessity, incomplete) and at all times fallible.

We can see examples of this even in the "history" of the recent past - of events that took place within our lifetimes.

Our knowledge of the past is inevitably constrained. As we argue over the "facts," we must remember that the body of facts we have access to is already but a small selection of the whole,

from which we further self-select in the course of our study. As such, our understanding of the past is vulnerable to distortion from the get-go. (based on E H Carr's famous 'What is history'.)

Carr's primary point is an excellent one and is true: "The work of the historian mirrors the society in which he works...the historian himself is in flux."

I will not go into the interpretation that historians apply to the "facts" they describe. Suffice it so say that even historians are fallible at the very least.

The only way we can have knowledge of the past is through studying the relics and traces left by past societies, the primary sources. Primary sources, as it were, form the basic "raw material" of history; they are sources which came into existence within the period being investigated. The articles and books written up later by historians, drawing upon these primary sources, converting the raw material into history, are secondary sources. WE HAVE NO PRIMARY SOURCES for our history - at least the first 150 years at least - in fact for longer. What we have are secondary sources based only on alleged oral narratives passed down generations. So we even do not have real secondary sources.

These are just pointers to the real position of history as an academic discipline in general i.e. a human endeavour, and even with the best of intentions, prone, like all human endeavour, to error i.e. fallible.

And lastly I have pointed out an issue specific to Islamic history - the absence of any primary sources for early Islamic history and the doubtful secondary ones.

This is the history on which we base our understanding of and beliefs about Rasulullah ﷺ, Sahaba e Karam and even Islam itself. Fortunately we have a means of getting at the truth - the Quran.

Having seen that history is fallible and in our case we have no primary sources, how are we to get to the truth about the life of Rasulullah ﷺ and, especially pertinent to the current discussion, the characters of his sahaba? And why is that of such crucial importance?

Why is the life of Sahaba important?

Let us make a start.

"A tree is known by its fruit" is a saying recognized as fact worldwide in many forms. And it is true. It applies to every teacher and trainer, but applies with even greater legitimacy to the Anbiya. The Anbiya taught and trained a 'jamaat' - group of people to work with him and to carry it forward after they had gone. These people were the 'fruit' that were evidence of the veracity the Nabi's message and his exalted character.

Once the Anbiya had passed away, those who opposed them would routinely distort the characters of his followers so as to present a picture of moral turpitude and abasement to the world to malign the Nabi and his message. With this all they needed to say was "a tree is known by the fruit it produces" and as this is the fruit, the world can see what sort of tree it was that produced these.

The last Nabi before Rasulullah ﷺ was Hazrat Esa. The same conspiracy was hatched about him and his followers by the people immediately following him and who claimed to be Christians themselves. They falsified the Bible and said that Hazrat Isa had only 12 companions, eleven of whom deserted him and one sold him out to his enemies for a few pieces of silver. What can one say about the effect Hazrat Esa had on his companions if one accepts this?

Such are the ramifications of this that Allah Himself refutes this picture in the Quran. The Quran says that the companions of Hazrat Isa were not such base people. Their character was such that when Hazrat Esa felt the threat from his enemies he asked them:

فَالَّذِينَ أَنْصَارَى إِلَى اللَّهِ مَنْ "who will assist me in (my) Divine mission?

The companions replied:

قَالَ الْحَوَارِيُّونَ نَحْنُ أَنْصَارُ اللَّهِ
(3:51)

"The companions said 'We will be your helpers in this Divine task.'" And they stood with Hazrat Esa till the end.

Because of this Allah holds them up as examples for all (specially Muslims) and for the Sahaba of Rasulullah ﷺ and says:

قَالَ عِيسَى ابْنُ مَرْيَمَ لِلْحَوَارِيِّينَ مَنْ أَنْصَارِي إِلَى اللَّهِ قَالَ الْحَوَارِيُّونَ نَحْنُ أَنْصَارُ اللَّهِ
(61:14)

"Become helpers in the Divine mission like those who replied to Isa ibn Maryam that they will be the helpers when he asked them."

The Quran narrates the truth about the companions of Hazrat Esa and holds them as examples to be emulated, precisely to demonstrate that the fruits of a righteous and upright "tree" like a Nabi cannot be foul. This underlines the importance of the companions of a Nabi as emblems of his message and character.

One of the briefs Rasulullah ﷺ held was, according to the Quran:

يُعَلِّمُهُمُ الْكِتَابَ وَالْحِكْمَةَ وَيُرَكِّبُهُمْ
(62:2)

"He instructs them in the Book (Quran) and its Hikmat and trains and develops their selves."

The sahaba who Rasulullah had thus taught and trained were the exalted fruit of his labours. The Quran refers to them in general as:

وَالَّذِينَ مَعَهُ
(48:29)

Those who are with him - his companions i.e. companions of ﷺ. And then says that their fundamental characteristic was:

أَشِدَّاءُ عَلَى الْكُفَّارِ رُحْمَاءُ بَيْنَهُمْ
(48:29)

"They are hard and tough for kaafirs but compassionate for each other."

The Quran corrected the wrong history of the companions of the earlier Anbiya, but because there was to be no other wahi after the Quran, Allah Himself preserved the life and characters of the Sahaba of Rasulullah ﷺ in the pages of His Quran. Hence their true conduct and character is the one that is in the Quran and any portrayal and depiction in history contrary to it should be regarded as false and a conspiracy against Islam.

The purpose of this post was to underline the critical importance of the lives and conduct of the Sahaba and to establish the principle of examining them. We will go into what the Quran says about them next.

In the previous two parts we have seen what history is and what is the importance of the correct description of the characters of the companions of the Anbiya and how the Quran describes the true conduct of the companions of Hazrat Isa.

Let us see what it says about the Sahaba of Rasulullah ﷺ.

What the Quran says about the Sahaba

Rasulullah spent the first 13 years after his nabuwwat in Makkah developing, teaching and training a group of people. When he left for Madinah these people went there as well. The people of Madinah welcomed them with open arms, opened their hearts and homes for them and got them settled, even giving them preferential treatment over their own families (as the Quran testifies.) Both these groups are called

وَالسَّابِقُونَ الْأَوَّلُونَ

in the Quran.

Hijrat continued after Rasulullah's ﷺ arrival in Madinah and so did the welcome. These are called the followers of the original groups:

اتَّبَعُوهُمْ بِإِحْسَانٍ

(9:100) i.e. those who followed them with grace and dignity.

This process continued till Makkah was liberated by the Muslims when the remaining people of Makkah also embraced Islam.

The Quran portrays each of these groups in these sublime words:

1. Those who did Hijrat, fought in the way of Allah (muhajireen and mujahideen) and those who gave them sanctuary and helped them (the ansaar) "are all true, proven and stalwart momineen and for them there is maghfirat and rizq e kareem."

وَالَّذِينَ آمَنُوا وَهَاجَرُوا وَجَاهَدُوا فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ وَالَّذِينَ
 آوَوا وَنَصَرُوا أُولَئِكَ هُمُ الْمُؤْمِنُونَ حَقًا لَّهُمْ مَغْفِرَةٌ
 وَرِزْقٌ كَرِيمٌ (8:74)

Note the words of the Quran here for them: المؤمنون حَقًا

Those among the muhajireen and the ansaar who took the lead - الْأَوَّلُونَ لَسَابِقُونَ - and those who followed them - بِإِحْسَانٍ اتَّبَعُوهُمْ - Allah is satisfied and pleased with them and they with Him. Allah has prepared the gardens and orchards of the Jannah with water flowing beneath, for them where they will dwell forever and this is indeed a great success:

وَالسَّابِقُونَ الْأَوَّلُونَ مِنَ الْمُهَاجِرِينَ وَالْأَنْصَارِ وَالَّذِينَ
 اتَّبَعُوهُمْ بِإِحْسَانٍ رَّضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُمْ وَرَضُوا عَنْهُ وَأَعْدَدَ
 لَهُمْ جَنَّاتٍ تَجْرِي تَحْتَهَا الْأَنْهَارُ خَالِدِينَ فِيهَا أَبَدًا
 ذَلِكَ الْفَوْزُ الْعَظِيمُ (9:100)

Those who spent their wealth in the way of Allah and fought as well, *before* the conquest of Makkah are السَّابِقُونَ الْأَوَّلُونَ and have a rank higher than those who did the same *after* the conquest of Makkah. But Allah's promises of reward (Jannah and Maghfirat) is for **all of them**. Allah knows about the deeds of everyone (and therefore has not given this guarantee lightly.):

لَا يَسْتَوِي مِنْكُمْ مَنْ أَنْفَقَ مِنْ قَبْلِ الْفَتْحِ وَقَاتَلَ أُولَئِكَ أَعْظَمُ دَرَجَةً مَنْ الَّذِينَ أَنْفَقُوا مِنْ بَعْدِهِ وَقَاتَلُوا وَكُلُّا وَعَدَ اللَّهُ الْحُسْنَى وَاللَّهُ إِمَّا تَعْمَلُونَ خَبِيرٌ

(57:10)

4. These were the Sahaba - the illustrious and exalted followers and companions of Rasulullah ﷺ about whom the Quran says that Allah has strengthened you (O Rasul) with His support and with your companions and Allah's support and these people who are with you are enough for you":

فَإِنَّ حَسِيبَكَ اللَّهُ هُوَ الَّذِي أَيَّدَكَ بِنَصْرِهِ وَبِالْمُؤْمِنِينَ

(8:62)

(The Quran does make an exception of the general Bedouin who embraced Islam perhaps because of its dominance. They do not count among those mentioned above as Iman had not entered their hearts fully.)

5. Allah had placed such love and devotion for each other among the Sahaba that was unparalleled and could not be obtained even by spending the entire wealth of the world:

وَالْفَ بَيْنَ قُلُوبِهِمْ لَوْ أَنْفَقْتَ مَا فِي الْأَرْضِ جَمِيعاً مَا أَلْفَ بَيْنَ قُلُوبِهِمْ وَلَكِنَّ اللَّهَ أَلْفَ بَيْنَهُمْ إِنَّهُ عَزِيزٌ

حَكِيمٌ

(8:63)

Thus their affection and devotion for each other was created in their hearts by Allah Himself.

It is clear that the Quran unambiguously counts all those among the fortunates who embraced Islam from the first moments of Rasulullah's nabuwwat till his death. They all fall into one or the other category described above and there is no doubt that all of them were Momineen.

We have now seen what history really amounts to, in general. We know what our history tells us about the Sahaba (and indeed about Rasulullah ﷺ). We have seen what the Quran says about the Sahaba.

The crucial question

The question is simple: do we accept what history says, specially our history with no primary sources OR accept what Allah says?

Are we so bent upon proving Tabari, Ibn e Katheer and Bokhari (to mention but three) correct that we are prepared to say Allah and the Quran are wrong?

Let us take an example from history. It says that the Sahaba fought each other and killed other in two major battles, that of Siffin and Jamal.

Allah says in the Quran:

وَمَنْ يَقْتُلْ مُؤْمِنًا مُتَعَمِّدًا فَجَزَاؤُهُ جَهَنَّمُ خَالِدًا فِيهَا
وَغَضِبَ اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَلَعْنَهُ وَأَعَدَ لَهُ عَذَابًا عَظِيمًا (4:93)

"If anyone kills a Momin intentionally, his recompense is Hell, to abide therein (For ever): And the wrath and the curse of Allah are upon him, and a dreadful penalty is prepared for him."

Yet our "history" says that in the battles of Siffin and Jamal Sahaba not only stood against each other they deliberately killed each other. According to some accounts 70,000 Sahaba were killed by none other than other Sahaba in each battle.

Are we prepared to say, as we apparently do, that these Sahaba are all to be consigned forever to Jahannum as Allah says anyone who deliberately kills a Momin is to be?

And if we do say that, what do we make of Allah's statements in the Quran that He put the love of each other in the hearts of Sahaba? And that this love for each other could not be obtained even by spending all the wealth of the world and was only possible because Allah did it Himself. What do we say to the statement of Allah that the Sahaba were compassionate towards each : رَحْمَاءٌ بَيْنَهُمْ had compassion and love for each other?

Is Allah wrong? (naoozobillah)

Also when Allah says about all the Sahaba that He is pleased with them and they with Him and will be forever in Jannat, then did Allah not know that these very people were soon going to kill each other and according to Allah's own warning will end up in Jahannum?

In our inability to deny that the human writers of our history are wrong – regardless of the reason - ignorance, error, deliberate falsification and fabrication – but wrong nevertheless, we are prepared to call the Quran wrong.

This is the question that confronts us. We have to answer it. Is our history right or the Quran? Is the evidence of the history (such as it is) about the Sahaba the correct version or is Allah as the witness and certifier of their character when He vouches for them correct?

The answer is simple. History is just as wrong about the characters and conducts of the Sahaba after the passing away of Rasulullah ﷺ as it is wrong about the life of Rasulullah ﷺ it portrays in the books of Ahaadith. (Another story.)

The above is just one example. Our whole ‘history’ is replete with such anti-Quran accounts about not just the sahaba but also Rasulullah ﷺ.

We have to discard this entire corpus of lies and then and only then will we be able to understand Islam as based on the word of Allah – the Quran - and be able to unite the Ummah as one, the way it was in the time of Rasulullah ﷺ and the Khulafaa e Raashideen and is supposed to be.

I think this should be enough for any Muslim.

Having laid down the principle above, let us see where it takes us and how it clears up the misconceptions:

As Muslims, who believe in the Quran as the word of Allah, our position is distinctive from the rest of the world. We believe that what the Quran says is the truth. If we come across anything anywhere that goes against what is described in the Quran then we will not accept that to be true.

For example if history or people who claim to have witnessed it describe that Hazrat Esa was crucified we do not accept it as the Quran says that he was not. Similarly the Quran says that despite the blandishments of the wife of the King of Egypt, Hazrat Yousuf did not compromise himself. If any account of history, despite praising Hazrat Yousuf in many ways, says that he did succumb to the wiles of that woman, we will accept the qualities of his narrated by history but reject the rest.

It will be our duty to research till human evidence too demonstrates the truth of the statements of the Quran. Till such time we will still regard the statements of the Quran as true. As Muslims we believe in the truth of every word of the Quran. If someone feels that in view of historical (and /or scientific) description the veracity of portions of the Quran is in doubt, then such a person cannot claim to be a Muslim.

We have seen what the Quran says about the Sahaba. All of them were therefore True Momineen. If anyone attributes behaviour, conduct or character contrary to the conduct of a Momin as described in the Quran, it cannot be correct. It has to be wrong.

Three issues can be (and have been) raised in this regard.

1. It is said that during Rasulullah’s life there were “Munafiqeen” present as well among the people around him. This is correct. But the Quran makes it clear that Allah will not leave the Momineen in a condition in which “khabees” and “tayyab” could not be distinguished from each other.

مَّا كَانَ اللَّهُ لِيَذَرَ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ عَلَىٰ مَا أَنْتُمْ عَلَيْهِ حَتَّىٰ يَمِيزَ الْخَيْثَ مِنَ الطَّيِّبِ
(3:179)

Allah will not leave the Momineen in such a state that wrong (khabees) is not clear from right (tayyib). He will clearly identify which is which.

By this final promise of Allah we have to accept that within Rasulullah’s ﷺ lifetime any such munafiqeen had been clearly identified and none remained among the Sahaba around Rasulullah ﷺ..

If someone does not accept this then he should prepare a list of those sahaba he/she regards as munafiqeen, so that we know who among the sahaba he/she regards as such.

2. It has been said that the Sahaba were as the Quran says they were, during the lifetime of Rasulullah but turned away from the true path once he was no more. Once Allah had said that they deserved Jannat that itself is evidence that they remained Momineen and Sadiqeen all their lives. Can we believe that a person is Momin and Allah says that he will go to Jannah and then he goes astray deliberately. That will mean that he deceived Allah to allot him a place in Jannah. Do we think that Allah – the All Knowing – will accord Jannah to such people who are Momineen today but go astray later? Did he accord them Jannah without realizing that they will soon start murdering each other? The only people who deserve Jannat are those who embrace Islam/Iman and remain steadfast through all their lives.

فَلَا تَمُوْتُنَ إِلَّا وَأَنْتُمْ مُسْلِمُونَ

(2:132, 3:102) Allah promised Jannat to those about whom He knew will remain Momin all their lives.

3. It is said that the Sahaba were Momineen but being human were fallible. That is correct – to err is human. But for Momineen the Quran itself has made it clear:

اللَّذِينَ يَجْتَنِبُونَ كَبَائِرَ الْإِثْمِ وَالْفَوَاجِشَ إِلَّا اللَّهُمَّ

53:32. “They stay away from and do not commit any major wrongs and wickedness but may be guilty of “lamam”. Lamam means committing a small mistake unintentionally, inadvertently, occasionally. This is what “to err” means. Do the misdeeds of killing, murder, betrayal, lying, adultery, dissimulation, hypocrisy, deception, selfishness and drunkenness ascribed to the Sahaba in our history fall into the category of minor errors or major evil?

The only solution is to rewrite the history of age of Rasulullah ﷺ and his Sahaba setting the Quran as the criterion by which to judge the truth or otherwise of all accounts and discard all that is against the Quran. Then it can be declared that this is the only reliable history and the rest cannot be trusted. Until we do that there is no possibility of Islam ever being revived and the schisms of the Ummah to be healed.

One can, if asked, give examples from “Sahih” Bukhari about the picture it paints of Rasulullah ﷺ and his Sahaba that is in direct conflict with the account of both given in the Quran.

The Quran should be enough for us as the principal criterion for deciding truth and falsehood. However even using the tools available to historians it can be shown that the first historian to write about the time of the Rasulullah ﷺ and the early years of Islam, ibn e Jarir Tabari, upon whose work all subsequent histories are based, has lied, about himself about his sources and his account of events is false. The same can be shown of others but should really not be needed.

POETESS OF THE MONTH BY MAHWASH GABA: ADA JAFAREY



Ada Jafarey often spelt **Ada Jafri** (22 August 1924 – 12 March 2015), was a Pakistani poet who is regarded as the first major Urdu poetess who had also been called "The First Lady of Urdu Poetry". She was also an author and was considered a prominent figure in contemporary Urdu literature. She had received awards from Pakistan Writers' Guild, the Government of Pakistan and literary societies of North America and Europe in recognition of her efforts.

Early life

Ada Jafarey was born on 22 August 1924, in [Badayun, U.P.](#) Her [birthname](#) was Aziz Jahan. Her father, Maulvi Badrul Hasan died when she was three, and her mother reared her. She started composing poetry when she was twelve years old, under the pen name of Ada Badayuni. She spent her early life within impassable social bounds.

Married life

She married Nurul Hasan Jafarey on 29 January 1947, in [Lucknow, India](#). After her marriage, she took her pen name Ada Jafarey. Her husband, Nurul Hasan, was a top-ranking civil servant of the [Federal Government of India](#). Ada Jafarey also moved with her husband to [Karachi](#) after the [independence](#) of Pakistan in 1947. Her husband was a littérateur himself who wrote columns for both English and Urdu newspapers. He also served as the president of the [Anjuman-i Taraqqi-i Urdu](#). Nurul Hasan, a major inspiration to her writing, died on 3 December 1995.

Later life

She had been residing in [Karachi](#), Pakistan. She used to frequently travel between Karachi and [Toronto](#), playing an active role in promoting Urdu.

Family[

Ada Jafarey and Nurul Hasan Jafarey had three children, Sabiha, Azmi and Aamir who some of us may know as he studied in Dow Medical College..

Ada Jafarey lived with her son, Aamir Jafarey in [Karachi](#) till her death.

Death

Ada Jafarey died in the evening of 12 March 2015 in a hospital in Karachi where she was being treated, at the age of 90. She was buried in the PECHS graveyard, [Jamshed Town](#), Karachi.

Literary career

The first female poet

Ada Jafarey was part of a traditionally conservative society where women were not allowed to think and express independently. But she was bold enough to express herself. Despite having traditionality ingrained in her personality, she took part in modern art.

As early as 1950, she was recognized as *the First Lady of Urdu Poetry*. Her mother, and her husband Nurul Hasan Jafarey, encouraged her to keep on her literary activities in spite of social difficulties. She was the student of great poets like [Akhtar Sheerani](#) and Jafar Ali Khan Asar Lakhnavi and used to get her poetry checked and corrected by them.

Style

Ada Jafarey writes in a gender-neutral mode, though her works include [feminist](#) themes like discrimination and dehumanisation of women and of them being viewed as sexual objects. Her personality seems absent from her poetry.

Ada Jafarey wrote of her experiences as a wife and mother in a modified traditional idiom, but also noticed the lack of fulfillment that accompanied these relationships.

Genre

Ada Jafarey's works are mostly [Ghazals](#), but she also experimented with *āzād nazm*, as well as Urdu [Haiku](#). She had mastered both genres of Urdu poetry, *nazm* and *ghazal*. In her ghazals, she took the [pen name](#), 'Adā'. She has also written a few *mazāmīn*.

Works

Ada Jafarey's first ghazal was published in [Akhtar Sheerani](#)'s magazine, *Romān*, in 1945. Ada Jafarey published her first collection of poems, "Maiṇ Sāz Dhūnqītī Rahī" in 1950.

Her book, '*Ghazal Numā*', containing short essays with short biographies and brief commentaries on the work previous Urdu poets was published in 1987.

Besides these she also published five collections of [Urdu poetry](#) ('*Shahr-i Dard*', '*Ghazālān*, *Tum to Wāqif Ho!*', '*Harf-i Shanāsā’ī*', '*Safar Bāqī*', and '*Mausam, Mausam*'), in addition to her autobiography ("*Jo Rahī so BeKhabrī Rahī*"), and forty research papers.

Ada Jafarey also published her collection of Urdu [Haiku](#), *Sāz-i Sukhn Bahānā hai* One of her [ghazals](#) was sung and popularised by [Ustad Amanat Ali Khan](#). The first [couplet](#) of that ghazal is:

ہے ہونٹوں پہ کبھی ان کے، میرا نام ہی آئے

آئے تو سہی، برسال الزام ہی آئے

Awards

In 1955, [Hamdard Foundation](#), [New Delhi](#) recognized her as the "Outstanding Female Poet of the Century". Later, she was awarded the Adamjee Literary Award by the Pakistan Writers' Guild in 1967 for her second poetic collection, *Shahr-i Dard*.

In recognition of her work, the Government of Pakistan awarded her the [Medal of Excellence](#) in 1981. She received the [Baba-e Urdu, Dr. Maulvi Abdul Haq](#) Award from the [Pakistan Academy of Letters](#) in 1994, and the [Quaid-e Azam](#) Literary Award in 1997.

Ada Jafarey was the recipient of the [Hamdard Foundation of Pakistan](#)'s Certificate of Merit. She was also the recipient of various international awards from literary societies in North America and Europe.

The Government of Pakistan conferred upon her the [Pride of Performance](#) Award for Literature in 2002. She was the recipient of the Kamal-e Fan Award for lifetime achievement in literature by the Pakistan Academy of Letters in 2003. She was the first woman recipient of the award since the literary prize was established by the Pakistan Academy of Letters (PAL) in 1997.

Feminist views

Ada Jafarey was a supporter of feminism. She expressed her views thus:

” میں نے مردوں کی عائد کردہ پابندیوں کو قبول نہیں کیا، بلکہ ان پابندیوں کو قبول کیا جو میرے ذہن نے مجھ پہ عائد کی ہیں۔۔۔ میں سمجھتی ہوں کہ بات کو بین السطور کہنا زیادہ مناسب ہے کیونکہ رمز و کناہی بھی تو شاعری کا حُسن ہے۔ ”

Translation: *I did not accept the restrictions imposed by men, rather accepted only those restrictions which my mind has imposed upon me... I think that saying things from behind a veil is more appropriate because symbolism and allusion are the beauty of poetry, too.*

Critical reputation

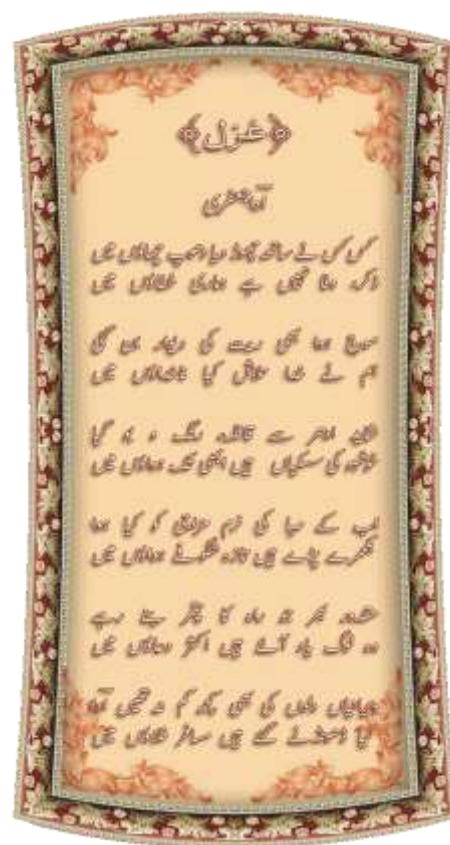
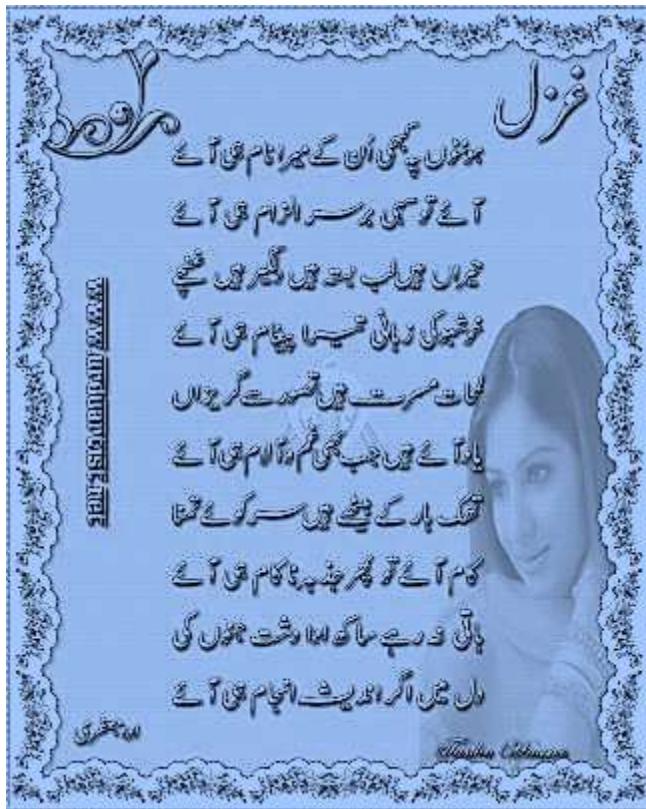
Various critics say that Jafarey's poetry is full of politeness of expression. She combines both old and new thoughts in a very unique artistic way through her poetry.

Qazi Abdul Ghaffar, in his introduction to Ada Jafarey's collection of verses, particularly mentioned her name in the field of feminist way of expression.

The Urdu poet and critic, [Jazib Qureshi](#), said:^[2]

“Ada Jafarey is the first and only lady poet who carries in her poetry the eternal colours of Ghalib, Iqbal, and Jigar.”

A SELECTION OF POEMS BY ADA JAFAREY



ادا جعفری

ند شہد میں نہ گلاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
مرے درد کی آب و تاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
کسی وقت شام ملام میں مجھے سوچنا
کبھی اپنے دل کی کتاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
کسی دم میں تم بھی ہو مستحبوں کو میاں و د
اہی راہ خانہ خراب میں مجھے دیکھنا
کسی رات ماہ و نوم سے مجھے پوچھنا
کبھی اپنی چشم پر کب میں مجھے دیکھنا
یہ رات ہر ٹم ۲۳ گلاب ہر میں بھی
اہی شعلہ رو کے متاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
اہی دل سے ہو کر گزر گئے کی کاروں
کسی ہجرتوں کے عذاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
یہ مل سکوں بھی تو کیا ہوا کہ فساد ہوں
ئی داٹن سے باب میں مجھے دیکھنا
مرے خار خد سوال میں مجھے ڈسونڈا
مرے گہٹ مرے خواب میں مجھے دیکھنا
مرے آنسوؤں نے بھائی حقی میری سچی
اہی ہرگز پیدہ حساب میں مجھے دیکھنا
وہی ایک لمحہ دید تھا کہ رکا رہا
مرے روز و شب کے سلاب میں مجھے دیکھنا
ہو ترپ بھی کسی آئینے میں نہ مل سکے
تو پھر آئینے کے جواب میں مجھے دیکھنا

یقین تو حاصل ہے بے ہیں کہ بھٹے ہیں

یہ فر تو حاصل ہے بے ہیں کہ بھٹے ہیں
” چار قدم ہم بھی ترے ساتھ چلتے ہیں
جلنا تو چانگوں کا مقدار ہے ازل سے
یہ دل کے کنول ہیں کہ بھٹے ہیں نہ چلتے ہیں
نازک تھے کہیں رنگ و بوئے سن سے
بندھات کے آداب کے سانچے میں ڈھلتے ہیں
تھے کتنے ستارے کہ ہر شام ہی دو بے
ہنگام ہر کتنے ہی خوشیدہ ڈھلتے ہیں
جو جیل گئے اُس کے کڑی ڈھوب کے تیور
توروں کی ٹھک پھاؤں میں وہ لوگ چلتے ہیں
جب تیرے تصور نے جانی نہیں شعیں
لحاظ وہی اپنے دل و جاں پر کھلے ہیں
خوبیوں سے تو اندازہ شہم نہیں ہوتا
وہ کون سے نئے نئے کہ پھولوں میں ڈھلتے ہیں
اک شش بچائی تو کنی اور جلا میں
ہم گردش رواں سے بڑی چال چلتے ہیں
ادا جعفری

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دل ضدی بے
اُسے کچھ نہ کہو
انسونوں سے چہرے مانگے
اور ناکام پھرے
زخموں کی تیس سپتا بے
کرچیاں ، کنکر کائٹے چن کر
خوش ربتا بے
رو لینے دو
جو کہتا بے کہہ لینے دو
اُسے کچھ نہ کہو ۔۔

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سنو جان!

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سنو جان!
 تم کو خوبیں
 لوگ اکثر براحتی ہیں
 کہیں بھی کہاں کس موز پر بھی
 اندر ہری گلی سے گزرتی نہیں
 کہ تم نے شاغل سے ہر رنگ لے کر
 مرے ہرثان قد کو حکم سونپ دی
 نہ گم گش خوبیوں کی پر چھانیاں ہیں
 نہ بے آس لمحوں کی سرگوشیاں ہیں
 کہ ناک ہریل بیل کو
 اک تباہ گران گست اپنے ہاتھوں میں
 خاتے ہوئے ہے
 کوئی نارساکی کا آسیں اس رہگوڑ میں نہیں
 یہ کہا ستر ہے کہ رو داد جس کی
 غبار سفر میں نہیں!

”آن کی ٹھکنخوں کا لکھائیں نے یہ جواب“

تم تو ملنا خاص ہے میرت نے اس بوا
 بان میں دنہ شمار کی ہے وہ آئی ا
 تم کو تھا ہر ہنڈا افت انصب ہے
 میں مل جائے دو سے ہے آئیا
 ہے اٹھاتے درد بھلوہ سے کیا غوش
 تم کو لفڑتے ہم فرقت دہائی
 تم کو درج علم سے پہنچا تاب
 تم سر بر عطا کی اور میں خطا کی
 میں اٹھ لیں تو نظر اڑھوئی
 تم جو راب تم سرستہ لہائی
 تم کو نیل غم سب خدا راب دل
 مجھ کیوں ان درد سرت خواہی
 تم کو ہر اس بیل کا وہ جو امکار
 نیک تباہ را طرز تاقیں دہائی
 میں اٹھا رکھا کی مورت سے پہنچ
 تم اٹھا رکھا میں دہا دہا
 میں اٹھوئی دیوہ مورت سے پہنچا

غزل

دل دکھاتے رہے جی جھلاتے رہے
 حوصلے درد کے آزماتے رہے
 دور اتنی نہ تھی منزل آرزو!
 راستہ دوسروں کو دکھاتے رہے
 جان پہچان اپنی کہاں ہو سکی!
 لوگ آتے رہے لوگ جاتے رہے
 رنگ و بُو کی جگہ دھول ہے خاک ہے
 پھول گلزار سے خار کھاتے رہے
 سانس لینے کی فرصت کہاں تھی آوا!
 یاد آتے کو وہ یاد آتے رہے

جب دل کی رہندر پر ترا نقش پا نہ تھا
 جیئے کی آرزو تھی مگر حوصلہ نہ تھا
 ۲ گے حريم غم سے کوئی راستہ نہ تھا
 اچھا ہوا کہ ساتھ کسی کو لیا نہ تھا
 دامان چاک گلوں کو بہانہ تھا
 ورنہ نگاہ و دل میں کوئی قاصدہ نہ تھا
 کچھ لوگ شرمسار خدا جانے کیوں ہوئے
 ان سے تو روح عصر، ہمیں کچھ گلہ نہ تھا
 جلتے رہے خیال، برستی رہی گھٹا
 ہاں ناز ۲ گی تجھے کیا کچھ روا نہ تھا
 سنسان دوپھر ہے، بڑا گی اداں ہے
 کہنے کو ساتھ ساتھ ہمارے زمانہ تھا
 ہر آرزو کا نام نہیں آمر و نے جاں
 ہر نقشہ لب بھال رخ کر بلا نہ تھا
 آندھی میں برگ گل کی زیاب سے آدا ہوا
 وہ راز جو کسی سے ابھی تک کہا نہ تھا

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کہتے ہیں کہ اب ہم سے خطا کار بہت ہیں
 اک رسم وفا تھی سو وفا دار بہت ہیں
 لجے کی نکل ہو کہ نگاہوں کی صداقت
 یوسف کے لئے مصر کے بازار بہت ہیں
 کچھ زخم کہ رنگت میں گل تر کے قریں تھے
 کچھ نقش کہ ہیں نقش پہ دیوار، بہت ہیں
 راہوں میں کوئی آبلہ پا اب نہیں ملتا
 رستے میں مگر قافلہ سالار بہت ہیں
 اک خواب کا احسان بھی اٹھائے نہیں اھٹا
 کیا کہتے کہ آسودہ آزار بہت ہیں
 کیوں اہل وفا! رحمت بیدار نگاہی
 جیئے کے لئے اور بھی آزار بہت ہیں
 ہر جذبہ بے تاب کے احکام ہزاروں
 ہر لمحہ بے خواب کے اصرار بہت ہیں
 پلکوں تملک ۲ پنچھے نہ کروں کی تمازت
 اب تک تو آدا آئینہ بیدار بہت ہیں

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شاید ابھی ہے راکھ میں کوئی شرار بھی
 کیوں ورنہ انتظار بھی ہے، اضطرار بھی
 دھیان ۲ گیا تھا مرگ دل نامراد کا
 ملنے کو مل گیا ہے سکون بھی قرار بھی
 اب ڈھونڈنے چلے ہو مسافر کو دوستو
 چڑی نگاہ تک نہ رہا جب غبار بھی
 ہر آستان پر ناصیہ فرسا ہیں آج وہ
 جو کل نہ کر سکے تھے ترا انتظار بھی
 اک راہ رک گئی تو ٹھٹھک کیوں گئیں آدا
 آباد بستیاں ہیں پہاڑوں کے پار بھی

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محبت کی صد

A short story by Saleem Khanani

پرویز کی عمر کوئی نو سال کے قریب ہوگی جب اس کے بڑے ماں نے اس کی ماں کو پہلی بار اپنی عالیشان کوٹھی میں بلایا۔ ان کے بیٹے کی پہلی سالگردہ جو تھی۔ کوٹھی کیا تھی پرویز کو تو وہ ایک محل کی طرح نظر آئی۔ اور آخر کیوں ناگزیر؟ وہ اور اس کے ماں باپ ایک چھوٹے سے کرائے کے گھر میں رہتے تھے جس کی پکڑی دینے کے لیئے اس کی ماں نے اپنے کنگھن تک پیچ دیئے تھے۔

ماں کی کوٹھی کا تو غسل خانہ بھی پرویز کی کوٹھری سے بڑا تھا۔

پرویز کی اماں کا خاندان کافی امیر تھا۔ سب کی رنگت دودھ کی طرح سفید تھی سوائے اس کے۔ اس کا رنگ اپنے باپ کی طرح سیاہ تھا اور نقش و نگار بھی معمولی ہی سے تھے۔ اپنے ماں زاد اور خالہ زاد بھائی بہنوں کے درمیان اس کی رنگت کچھ اور ہی سیاہ نظر آتی تھی۔ اکثر رشتہ دار اسے دیکھ کر یہ کہے بنے نہ رہ سکتے کہ یہ کہاں سے آگیا۔

سالگردہ کا جشن بھی کیا چیز تھی۔ زرق برق لباس، چاروں طرف مزین فانوس اور ایسے ایسے کھانے جو اس نے چکھنا تو درکنار دیکھے تک نا تھے۔

سالگردہ کی پر رونق تقریب کے بعد ماں نے یہ اعلان کیا کہ وہ اپنے اور اپنے سسرالی رشتہ داروں کے بچوں کو سینیما لے جائیں گے۔ پرویز نے کبھی سینیما اندر سے نہیں دیکھا تھا۔ اس کے والد صبح اس کے جانے سے پہلے اور رات گئے اس کے سوچانے کے بعد تمکے ہارے مشقت کر کے گھر آتے اور سوچاتے۔ بھفتے میں ایک آدھ بار ہی ان سے کوئی بات ہو سکتی تھی۔ بڑی مشکل سے گھر کی دال روئی چلتی تھی۔ یہ سینیما جانا تو امیروں کا چونچلا تھا۔

اس کی ماں نے کسی ناکسی طرح اپنے بھائی کو راضی کر ہی لیا کہ وہ پرویز کو بھی اپنے ساتھ لے جائے۔ آخر وہ بھی تو بچ ہی تھا۔

پرویز کی آنکھوں میں وہ روشنی چمکی جو اس کی ماں نے کبھی پہلے نہیں دیکھی تھی۔ دونوں بہت خوش تھے۔

یہ خوشی دیرپا ثابت نا ہوئی۔ ماں کا رویہ کچھ اچھا نہ تھا اور نہ ہی کسی بچے نے پرویز سے کوئی بات کی۔ سب نے سوڈا اور پاپ کوں لیئے سوائے اس کے۔ اماں پیسے دینا ہی بھول گئی تھی۔ بیچارے کے نصیب میں آئس کریم کی بھائی ماں کو ڈانٹ اور دوسرے بچوں کے زبر بھرے طعنے ہی لکھے ہوئے تھے۔ مگر اس نے اماں سے کچھ بھی نہیں کہا۔

کچھ ہی دن گزرے تھے کہ اماں اسے نانی اماں کے گھر لے گئیں۔ اس کی چھوٹی خالہ کی بات پکی ہونے والی تھی۔ سب کے چہرے کھلے ہوئے تھے سوائے اس کی اماں کے۔ ناس کے ہاتھ میں کنگھن ناگلے میں نقلی بار۔

شام ہوتے ہی شور مج گیا کہ لڑکے والے آگئے ہیں۔ نانی اماں نے پرویز کو آواز دے کر بلایا اور باوچی خانے لے گئیں۔ تم یہاں اندر رہو۔ خبردار تو آواز نکالی یا باہر آئے۔ مہمان کیا کہیں گے کہ کتنا گندہ بچہ ہے۔

نانی اماں نہیں چاہتی تھیں کہ خالہ کے سرالیوں پر کوئی خراب اثر پڑے۔ آخر ان کے باقی پوتے پوتیاں اور نواسے نواسیاں کتنے گورے تھے۔ پرویز کی امی کو بھی انہوں نے کہ دیا کہ باوچی خانے رہ کر چائے اور بقایہ لوازمات کا انتظام سنبھال لیں۔ ان کی بھی کوئی عزت تھی!

دوسرے دن پرویز سکول دیر سے پہنچا۔ اس کی امی کو صفائی کر کے گھر واپس آنے میں کافی دیر لگ گئی تھی اور بس میں کھڑے رہ کر ایک گھنٹے کا سفر بھی کافی تھا دینے والا تھا۔

امی تو سکول چھوڑ کر چلی گئی مگر اس کی استانی نے تو حد ہی کر دی۔ بیچارے کی دیر سے آنے اور ایک ہی پچھٹی ہوئی قمیض پہنے پر پہلے مرغابنیا پھر اس کی کمر اور جسم کے نچلے حصے پر چھڑی سے سرخ رنگ کے نقش و نگار بنانا دالے۔ پرویز کی جلد اور ہڈیوں کے درمیان گوشت کا لبادہ تک نہیں تھا۔ اس کے ماں باپ کو سبزیاں اور دال بہت پسند تھیں۔ گوشت تو صرف بقر عید پر تھوڑا سا مل جاتا تھا۔

اس کی ہڈیوں نے بیان خاموشی فریاد تو کی ہوگی مگر آنکھیں پھر بھی خشک رہیں۔

اس رات پرویز کے اندر ایک نامعلوم سے جذبے نے جنم لیا۔ اس کی سمجھی میں نہ آیا کہ اسے کیا نام دے۔ بالآخر امی سے اس نے پوچھا کہ محبت کی ضد کیا ہے؟

نفرت

اس کی امی کو سوچنے میں ذہنی بھی تاخیر نا ہوئی۔

پرویز اپنے ہاتھ میں قلم لیئے کافی دیر تک سوچتا رہا۔ پھر ایک جملہ لکھا۔

مجھے امی سے محبت ہے

پھر سوچنے لگا

پھر ایک اور جملہ لکھا

مجھے ابو سے محبت ہے

پھر سوچتے گا۔

اس کے ذہن میں ایک ایک کر کے اس کے سارے رشتے داروں کی شکلیں ابھریں جو اس کا منہ چڑا رہی تھیں۔ اسے کوئی ایسا لمحہ یاد نہ آیا جب اسے اس کی نانی یا دادی نے کچھی پیار کیا ہو۔ محلے اور سکول میں کوئی اس کے ساتھ نہیں کھیلتا تھا۔

اس کی استانیوں نے کچھی اس کی حوصلہ افزائی نہیں کی تھی۔ اس کی ماں کے پاس انہیں تحفہ دینے کے لیئے کچھ بھی تو نہ تھا۔

آخر کار اس نے خود اعتمادی کے ایک مختصر لمحے میں قلم اٹھا کر ایک اور جملہ کاغذ پر لکھ دیا۔
مچھے باقی سب سے نفرت ہے

اس کے دل میں اب کوئی غبار نہیں تھا۔ اس کی جگہ نفرت نے لے لی تھی۔

اس رات اسے بڑے سکون سے نیند آئی۔



میں نے پوچھا،
ہندو ہو یا مسلمان

بھی انک ترین
جواب ملا۔۔!

بھوکا ہوں صاحب!